

Oneida Circular.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF HOME, SCIENCE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Published by the Oneida & Wallingford Communities.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, AUGUST 26, 1872.

{ New Series, Vol. IX, No. 35
Whole No. 1421.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS:
ONEIDA CIRCULAR, ONEIDA, N. Y.

TERMS:

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THE UNITED COMMUNITIES.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles south of Oneida and a few rods from the Depot of the Midland Railroad. Number of members, 205. Land, 654 acres. Business, Manufacture of Hardware and Silk goods, Printing the CIRCULAR, Horticulture, &c. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one and one-fourth miles north of O. C. Number of members, 19. Business, Manufactures.

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of the Hartford and New Haven Railroad. Number of members, 45. Land, 228 acres. Business, Publishing, Job Printing, Manufactures, and Horticulture.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and Branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system BIBLE COMMUNISM or COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love *only* within their own families, subject to Free Criticism and the principles of Male Continence. In respect to permanency, responsibility, and every essential point of difference between marriage and licentiousness, the Oneida Communists stand with marriage. Free Love with them does *not* mean freedom to love to-day and leave to-morrow; nor freedom to take a woman's person and keep their property to themselves; nor freedom to freight a woman with offspring and send her down stream without care or help; nor freedom to beget children and leave them to the street and the poor-house. Their Communities are families, as distinctly bounded and separated from promiscuous society as ordinary households. The tie that binds them together is as permanent and sacred, to say the least, as that of marriage, for it is their religion. They receive no new members (except by deception or mistake), who do not give heart and hand to the family interest for life and forever. Community of property extends just as far as freedom of love. Every man's care and every dollar of the common property are pledged for the maintenance and protection of the women and children of the Community.

ADMISSIONS.

These Communities are constantly receiving applications for admission which they have to reject. It is difficult to state in any brief way all their reasons for thus limiting their numbers; but some of them are these: 1. The parent Community at Oneida is full. Its buildings are adapted to a certain number, and it wants no more. 2. The Branch-Communities, though they have not attained the normal size, have as many members as they can well accommodate, and must grow in numbers only as they grow in capital and buildings. 3. The kind of men and women who are likely to make the Communities grow, spiritually and financially, are scarce, and have to be sifted out slowly and cautiously. It should be distinctly understood that these Communities are not asylums for pleasure seekers or persons who merely want a home and a living. They will receive only those who are very much in earnest in religion. They have already done their full share of labor in criticising and working over raw recruits, and intend hereafter to devote themselves to other jobs (a plenty of which they have on hand), receiving only such members as seem likely to help and not hinder their work. As candidates for Communism multiply, it is obvious that they cannot all settle at Oneida and Wallingford. Other Communities must be formed; and the best way for earnest disciples generally is to work and wait, till the Spirit of Pentecost shall come on their neighbors, and give them Communities right where they are.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY C. D. STUART.

Thou canst not clasp the beautiful
And call it all thine own;
The beautiful is given for all,
And not for one alone.
It is God's love made visible
In earth, and sea, and sky,
A blessing wide as time and space,
For every human eye.

The foam that crests the ocean-wave
And sparkles to the light,
The star that gems the brow of morn
And gloriifies the night,
The brook, the flower, the leaf, the bird,
Whatever glads the sight—
Is God's own loving gift to all,
The beautiful and bright.

And God be praised! forevermore,
For this his blessed boon:
The beautiful—which all may share,
And none can share too soon.
The beautiful, which purifies
And leads us up to him,
Who is its source, its life and light,
From flower to seraphim.

TRUE CHASTITY.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

THERE are many spirits in the world, and there is much need of discrimination in regard to them. Let us learn to know the difference between the Spirit of Truth and all other spirits. The Spirit of Truth is also called the *Holy Spirit*; and that means that it is separate and peculiar; not to be classed with other spirits. It must have special characteristics by which it may be known. Let us try to understand its distinctive character.

The main characteristic of the Holy Spirit evidently is, that it is *chaste*—that is, reserved and conscientious in its fellowships. It hates promiscuous intercourse. We know what is meant by promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, but have we considered that there is such a thing as promiscuous intercourse of spirits? Unseen fellowships of the heart and life may seem to be innocent enough, when really worse than promiscuous intercourse of the sexes. The Spirit of Truth is holy, because it keeps aloof from such intercourse and *hates* it. It is in the midst of all other spirits as oil in water. However it may seem to be mixed with them, it always rises and comes off clear.

When it is said, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters," we are only asked to rise into sympathy with the Holy Spirit—to come out of promiscuous intercourse of spirits into the reserve and chastity of God. In this way only we can become his sons and daughters. Our attractions must be reserved for him, if we would have fellowship with him. We must have a continence of heart that will keep us pure in the midst of all temptations to promis-

cuous fellowship; so that, mix as we may with the world in external affairs, the moment we have time to settle and withdraw ourselves, our motion shall be toward God.

The Holy Spirit and the Spirit of Truth are equivalent appellations, because nothing but chastity and reserve are truthful and rational. A thoroughly rational character like God's is and must be reserved. God is full of love, but it is a love that stops short of promiscuous intercourse. Its limits is the line of rationality. It is true love because it never goes beyond the light. Blind love is its opposite, and that which it hates most.

In one way or another we are all desiring to be blessed with the fellowship of spirits. All religionists are seeking spiritual influences; all Spiritualists are seeking spiritual influences; all lovers are seeking spiritual influences. Love is itself a spiritual phenomenon. Persons in love are baptised into each other spiritually. The greatest blessings of life are all of the nature of spiritual fellowship.

If we want lasting happiness we must see to it that we get the baptism of good spirits. We must not accept every baptism that offers, and think that we have obtained something good because we have received a new and wonderful influence. "Try the spirits whether they are of God, because many false spirits are gone out into the world."

Those who seek spiritual baptisms will get them, but the main thing is to be sure that they are of God. Other kinds may produce wonderful sensations, but there are some very delicate tests to be applied, to make sure that a baptism is from God.

I recommend to all to *study* spirits that come to their hearts, and the baptisms they come under, and to cultivate discrimination. Love the Spirit of Truth. Withdraw from all other spirits. Resolve that every thought shall be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.

God will give his Holy Spirit to them that ask. That is his promise, and there need be no difficulty in availing ourselves of it. "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." These promises expressly refer to the Holy Spirit. Christ still more emphatically and bountifully promised to his disciples that the Spirit of Truth should come into them, and dwell in them, and lead them into all truth. John, at a later period, testified that this anointing from the Holy One had come, teaching them all things, and proving itself to be "the truth and no lie."

You cannot get a better test of the Holy Spirit than the one I have given, that it is a spirit of chastity. It loves not blindly, but wisely; and it is only as our spirits are leavened

by the Holy Spirit that we shall love wisely. Our experiences with seducing spirits will be profitable if they teach us the importance of reserve. Christ was separate from sinners, and the Holy Spirit will separate us from sinners.

There is nothing more characteristic, on the other hand, of the spirits of darkness than the love of promiscuous intercourse. Their fellowship is of the nature of prostitution without discrimination. The O. C. is charged with promiscuous intercourse, while I suppose it is the only body of people on earth that is in earnest to keep clear from this iniquity.

INTEGRAL EDUCATION.

BY HENRY J. SEYMOUR.

THE art of manufacturing guns, sewing-machines, watches, etc., is carried to wonderful perfection in this country. This perfection is attained, first, by careful division of labor; second, by the association of labor; and, third, by the use of machinery. By the division of labor we mean the separation of the different parts of the work to be done and the assignment of each of these parts to different persons or groups of persons. By the association of labor we mean the collection of all these persons and groups of persons into one great establishment. The advantage gained by division of labor is, that one person is at liberty to give his undivided attention to the work of perfecting a single part, thus attaining the highest skill in that speciality. A man whose sole business is the straightening of gun-barrels becomes exceedingly skillful and efficient after long practice. The great advantages of association of labor are that the same power can drive all the machinery, while economy may be secured in warming and lighting, and in many other ways. The extensive employment of machinery insures a degree of uniformity in every piece that could be attained in no other way.

The general results are, the most rapid production, and the most beautiful and perfect workmanship. A single part of one manufactured article of a given size is a *fac-simile* of the same part of another, and one can be substituted for another whenever required.

Communism, in taking charge of the work of producing and educating human beings, possesses all the advantages for perfecting character that large manufacturing establishments have for turning out perfect work. Communism is capable of taking charge of all conceivable varieties of business and using them as means of modifying character. By carrying on within itself every branch of industry it furnishes all kinds of instruction and training that people require at different stages of their development. This corresponds to the division of labor that has been referred to. These various departments are all associated together in one great family so as to be brought into a harmonious system. By means of this arrangement persons can pass from one department to another, receiving a certain touch of training from each, until in the course of time they may hope to attain to a universal education.

The O. C., in cutting loose from the world's fashions, has been obliged, to a great extent, during its twenty-two years of experience as a pioneer Community, to take men as it found them and put them at whatever service was most necessary to be done, or at which they were most efficient. Nevertheless there are many cases among us where persons have made a good beginning at this kind of universal education. One person at the time of entering the Community, who was noted for being a book-worm, became a writer for the paper, an editor, the manager of a nursery of fruit-trees, a job-printer, a fruit preserver, and lawn manager. Another has been clerk in a store, printer, teamster, farmer, reporter, accountant, financier, Yale student and editor. Indeed, there are but few among us who have not taken their turn at several kinds of business; and we are now attaining to a position where the process of acquiring a universal education can be more thoroughl systematized. More means and members admit of more frequent changes with particular reference to the object of education.

A special advantage justly claimed by the combined method of manufacturing guns, sewing-machines, etc., is that every part of each manufactured article is of a uniform character so that one could replace another whenever required. In a company of people who have received this universal education that we have been speaking of, the advantages are far greater. Not only can a person fill some single office in any given organization, but each person can fill any one of the offices to which he may be called. It is doubtless a great convenience to have one gun-lock so like another, that on occasion it can be put on to another barrel and stock without trouble; but it would be a still greater convenience if the gun-lock could, when required, serve in the place of a barrel or stock. A company of universally educated people have just that advantage. They can run a silk, cotton, woolen or trap-factory, a machine-shop or foundry; can resolve themselves into a church, a school, a college, or a band of music; they can keep a hotel, establish a theater, or carry through any enterprise that is appropriate to any time or occasion.

This, we say, is our idea of what can be accomplished by a company of universally and thoroughly educated persons under the reign of Communism. We do not of course claim to have nearly attained to our ideal in this respect, but our experience in establishing a university that will bring forth these results is certainly of a hopeful character. The easy and extemporaneous manner in which the bag business, fruit-canning, silk-manufacturing, our school, as well as our musical and theatrical entertainments, have been introduced and established are hopeful indications of what the spirit of Communism can accomplish; and they in turn will increase our facilities for the attainment of a universal education.

"BE YE ALSO READY."

"THEREFORE be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Matt. 24: 44.

These words came to me in the still hours of the night; but I had heard them solemnly

repeated so often upon funeral occasions that I associated them with death. Wondering what lesson they contained for me, I found the text and carefully examined the context. After the destruction of the temple of Jerusalem was foretold, we find the disciples seeking a private interview with Christ upon the Mount of Olives and inquiring of him what should be the sign of his coming. After telling them many signs that should precede that great event, and what it would be like, he finally declares, with all the solemnity of an oath, that the generation in which they lived should not pass away until all the things which he had foretold should be fulfilled; yet he leaves them in doubt about the exact day and hour, evidently with the purpose of inciting them to greater watchfulness; so he gives them the earnest exhortation, "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

My lesson grows plainer. I learn that these words allude to the Second Coming of Christ, and can in no way be distorted to mean the coming of the king of terrors; and I am forced to the conclusion that the Son of Man did come as he promised his disciples and in the manner he described. He said to the twelve at one time, "Verily I say unto you, There be some standing here that shall not taste death till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom." The testimony of Paul, and the perfect unity upon this point existing between all the writers of the New Testament, together with the judgment of the Jewish Nation—the destruction of their chief city and their denationalization—are ample proofs that he kept his promises, notwithstanding the silence of profane history and the ages of darkness that followed the sudden disappearance of all that was vital in the Primitive Church; and the history of an apostate church, that gives no evidence of ever having had any "oil in their lamps," goes far to prove that the parable of "the foolish virgins" has been fulfilled.

If ministers must preach upon funeral occasions, let them utter the glorious truth that the kingdom of God has come; that the Son of Man came in an hour that the foolish virgins were not aware of, and took those who had their lamps trimmed and burning, waiting to meet their bridegroom into the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

S. E. A. D.

BOILER INCRUSTATION.

Pleasantville, Penn., Aug. 12, 1872.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY:

Gentlemen—I see by an article in the papers that you have succeeded in preventing the incrustation of your steam-boilers from hard or impure water by the use of tannate of soda. Will you be so kind as to inform me in what proportion you use it? The water I use is very bad, and a boiler does not last but a short time—from eight to ten months; and I should like very much to find some remedy against the corrosion if possible. The water is, I think, impregnated with salt and lime, but I have not had it analyzed. A reply will very much oblige,

Yours respectfully, LA RUE SMITH.

REPLY BY GEO. E. CRAGIN.

From the time we first began using steam in 1863 until the present summer we had the usual trouble and vexation incident to the use of hard water in steam-boilers. A partial analysis showed

that even our best spring water contains a large portion of the salts of lime, carbonates and sulphates, including the sulphate of magnesia. A few weeks' use of this water was sufficient to produce a heavy incrustation, corroding the boiler-plate and filling the tubes with sediment. In one instance, after using a boiler three months a scale half an inch thick was found deposited in one portion of the flues. Aside from the loss of fuel in using boilers incrusted with lime, we were in constant anxiety, from the danger of explosion from the unseen corrosion of the boiler-plate. Various remedies were tried with indifferent success.

All authorities on the subject agreeing that nothing yet had been discovered which would dissolve or prevent the formation of scale and not injure the boiler, or be objectionable in one way or another, we read with some incredulity in the *American Chemist*, sometime last spring, an abstract of a paper on steam-boiler waters and incrustations, by Dr. Joseph G. Rogers of Madison, Indiana. In this article Dr. Rogers treated the whole subject of boiler incrustations and the means used for prevention from a chemical point of view, and gave the results of a series of experiments with tannate of soda as an agent which fulfilled the chemical requirements of the case. We at once ordered of Dr. Rogers a quantity of his tannate of soda, and gave it a thorough trial in our Root boiler. This boiler had been in constant use for nearly eighteen months, most of the time with hard water, and in consequence was very heavily coated with scale. We began by using about three lbs. per week dissolved in the feed water, and blowing off a few minutes every morning before starting the pump. At the end of a month we opened the boiler and made a thorough examination. The tubes were found to be as clean and free from scale as when we first fired up a year and a half before. The tannate seemed to soften the scale into a mushy mass, which settled into the mud-drum and from there was easily blown off. As far as we could discover, the tubes had not suffered from any corrosive action of the tannate. After the boiler was thus thoroughly cleaned of scale it required but a small amount of the tannate two or three times a week to prevent the further formation of scale.

Early in July last we set up in our new Preservatory a thirty-horse power Densmore boiler. Having no soft water on hand, we were compelled to get our supply from Oneida creek, which runs within a few rods of the boiler-house. This creek water we had found from former trials was very hard indeed, and contained a much larger portion of the salts of lime than the spring water used in our other boilers. To prevent incrustation we at once began using the tannate of soda, putting in about four ounces every other day. At the end of a month we opened one of the lower tubes where the scale should be the heaviest, and found not the slightest trace of a deposit. The tube was as clear as when first placed in position. We are now using one-fourth of a pound three times a week in our Phleger boiler. There has been no complaint of any unpleasant smell or flavor about the steam supplied to the kitchen, and we are satisfied that the boiler is kept free from incrustations by the chemical action of the tannate of soda, which action Dr. Rogers describes in the following words :

Tannate of soda decomposes the carbonates of lime and magnesia as they enter, tannates being precipitated in a light, flocculent, amorphous form, so that they do not subside at all in the boiler, but are retained in suspension by the boiling currents until they find their way into the same receiver, when they settle into a loose, mushy mass, which may be easily blown out from time to time. The carbonate of soda, formed in the reaction is retained in solution, becoming a bicarbonate by appro-

priation of the free carbonic acid in the water. This decomposes the sulphate of lime, the resulting sulphate of soda being retained in solution, and the carbonate of lime being acted upon by fresh portions of the tannate of soda as above. The constant presence of the alkali protects the iron from all action, either of the carbonic or tannic acids. The same reaction takes place between the tannate of soda and the already existing scale with like results, but more slowly, some weeks being generally required, in practice, in removing the deposit, if it exists in any considerable quantity.

Portions of scale are detached, from time to time, which may be removed at the usual cleanings, which should be made at short intervals, when possible, until the boiler is entirely clear of all incrustation, after which this will not be necessary. Extensive practical trial of this process for two years has demonstrated its utility for all varieties of boilers. It is economical, easy of application, and generally adaptable. It may be used in marine boilers as well as those using fresh water, since the marine scale is almost identical with that formed in boilers using ordinary waters, consisting almost entirely of the carbonates of lime and magnesia and sulphate of lime. The chloride of sodium forms a mushy deposit, but it is only incorporated in the scale to a slight extent.

In cases where the water used in a boiler is found to be heavily loaded with the salts of lime and magnesia, causing active corrosion of the iron, it would be well to use a small quantity of the tannate every day, blowing off in the morning before starting the pump.

A SUMMER JAUNT.

Fish Creek Station, Aug. 16, 1872.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Fish Creek is a station on the Midland near the head of Oneida lake, and makes a convenient stopping-place for persons intending to recreate at the largest of New York's inland lakes. Here, in the cosy sitting-room of the Spencer House, is seated your correspondent (one of a party of four), just in from a few days of sport with the fishing-rod and fowling-piece. Our party, by the way, includes several old contributors to your columns, and among them "Woodcraft," who may gather from his experience here material for a new series of his sketches. In the mean time a short account of our trip from me may be acceptable.

We purposed setting out for the lake on the morning of Tuesday, the 13 inst., but the unpropitious aspect of the weather with other reasons had almost induced us to postpone the expedition, when fortunately, at the eleventh hour, the clouds broke away, and everything seemed favorable. Our kit was soon packed, and at half-past 10 A. M. we were off. A half hour's ride through the flat country bordering on the lake brought us to Fish Creek, where we left the cars; a walk of a mile and we stood on the lake shore.

To one who does not live near the sea or a large body of water a fresh sight of it always brings a thrill; and as we gazed over the wide expanse extending in one direction farther than the eye could reach, we realized how easily one could learn to love the "bright blue sea."

Procuring a boat of Mr. S., we crossed the mouth of Fish Creek, and rowing down the beach a quarter of a mile, selected a site for our camp, a shady grass-plot near the water. Our tent was soon pitched and everything in order. We had scarcely got well encamped when a shower came up, but snug in our tent we suffered no serious inconvenience from the rain. In a short time the clouds broke away, and in the afternoon three of us went up the creek in our boat with a view of trying our luck at "trolling." A word in regard to this art. In fishing by means of a troll the hook is left bare, an artificial bait called a "spoon" being arranged above the hook. A great length of line, 100 feet or more, is used, which is allowed to run out to

stern. The boat is kept in motion, which serves to keep the hook near the surface. By the initiated "trolling" is considered as a very fascinating and successful mode of fishing.

But our efforts in this line were not very encouraging. It is possible our apparatus was at fault. We did not for a moment entertain the idea that our lack of success resulted from want of skill on our part. As we floated quietly down stream on our return, H. shot at and wounded a bittern, a bird nearly the size of a crane, but it escaped into the bushes that lined the bank. It was quite dark ere we got back to camp, and our supper was cooked by the ruddy glow of the camp-fire.

On the following morning our three Nimrods rose bright and early, on the alert for game. C., in particular, who was very anxious to get a shot at an eagle, would watch by the hour beneath some "eagle tree" to get a chance at one. These "eagle trees" are dead trees on the beach frequented by these birds who live upon fish. Here they watch for prey, and here return when their booty is secured. The sand beneath is covered with fish bones, the *débris* of their banquets. C.'s patience was at length rewarded. After wounding one or two he finally dropped one fine fellow. Unfortunately the bird lodged high up in the branches of a pine, and could not be secured. We were quite surprised to find this inland lake frequented by eagles in such numbers. We had heretofore supposed this "emblematic bird" to be confined mainly to his home

"By the wild waves foam,"

but we not unfrequently saw three or four of these bald eagles at once winging their way o'er lake and shore. Much to the discredit of this "glorious bird," it is said that he obtains his living for the most part by dishonorable means; that instead of securing fish himself he will watch until a crane, or other bird who lives upon fish, has seized and is bearing off its prey, when he gives chase. His superior might soon enables him to overtake his victim, who, close pressed, drops its booty. His object attained, the eagle descends with a swoop, seizes the fish ere it reaches the water, and bears it off in ignominious triumph.

On the ensuing forenoon we tried our luck at fishing in the lake. Lake-fishing is somewhat complicated by the fact that the fish which abound there, the perch, run in schools. If you do not happen to strike one of these schools you may fish for hours without a nibble. It was not our luck to hit upon a school, and after a few hours of well-nigh fruitless labor we returned to camp. In the evening as we were snugly ensconced, and ready for sleep, a storm came upon us which put our canvas tent to a severer test than it had yet experienced; in fact, we soon found it was no protection at all against the fury of the rain. Our prospects for a night's rest seemed for the moment somewhat dubious, but the storm soon passed over; a dry blanket was spread down, and the night was passed with no serious discomfort.

At noon the next day B. was obliged to return home, but the down train brought us J., with additional supplies and a fine enthusiasm for fishing. Kindled by his zeal and example we returned to fishing with renewed ardor, and thereafter our table at least was well supplied. In the afternoon the wind freshened, rolling in the waves in fine style, and we enjoyed an exhilarating bath in the surf. On the following morning, though it did not rain there was a peculiar hush in the atmosphere which denoted an approaching storm. We had decided to return home that night, and as at noon rain was evidently close at hand we concluded to break up camp immediately, return to the depot, and there await the train due about 7 P. M. Accordingly one of S.'s fine teams was engaged to carry

us and our traps to the station where we arrived just in time to escape the storm.

Our trip is done, and if our little experience in thus living close to primitive Nature has had no other effect it has at least increased our appreciation of the vicissitudes and hardships of a woodman's life. To us there seems to be a kind of heroism appertaining to those hardy sons of the forest whose lives are devoted to settling and subduing the wilderness, and thus making room for the advance of civilization.

But now the shrill whistle announces the train at hand. Good bye, ye denizens of lake and shore, in one short hour we shall be among the well-known scenes and surrounded by the familiar faces of home.

GRUS.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

WM. A. HINDS, EDITOR.

MONDAY, AUGUST 26, 1872.

THE IDEAL MADE REAL.

"The thoughts of beauty dawning on the soul
Are glorious heaven-gleams,
And God's eternal truth lies folded deep
In all man's lofty dreams."

If the universal ideal ever becomes the universal real, then we are sure that Communism will everywhere prevail; for Communism in one form or another exists ideally in every human breast, not wholly given to the bad. It constitutes what is most beautiful in men's conceptions by day and their dreams by night. It is the life of poetry and song. 'Tis too beautiful, they say, to realize, and still they cannot keep it out of mind. It gave the *couleur de rose* to the imaginations of youth; none are too old to feel its vivifying power. It can make the withered heart glow with joy and hope. It expresses all that is conceived or known of the bright hereafter.

"Why," we involuntarily ask, "is Communism the highest ideal of all? Why is it found present in every true heart?" Simply because it is an expression of the good spirit that pervades the universe. We are told that God is love, and love is only another word for unity—solidarity—Communism. Men may in their folly endeavor to ignore the great fact of unity, and to act as though they were independent beings; but in vain. A great joy or sorrow makes them realize how united they are to their personal friends and acquaintances; a national joy or sorrow makes them feel that they are indeed brothers to every man speaking the same tongue; while there are events of such magnitude that they cause the chords of unity to vibrate throughout the world.

This great principle has been proclaimed by the world's seers, poets and philosophers from time immemorial; and it has been most clearly recognized by the most civilized people. Wherever and whenever a people has distinguished itself in civilization, and has given birth to an ethical mind that could utter its deepest truths, the principle of unity, brotherhood, Communism, has been proclaimed as the highest principle next to that of divine worship. Glimpses of it were caught by Confucius, Plato, Buddha; but its full proclamation was first made by Christ. He not only taught the Communistic principle, but exemplified it in his life; and more—after his death and resurrection, he sent the promised Comforter, whose first work was to give the world an exhibition of heavenly Communism.

Does any one wonder then at the irrepressible enthusiasm of those who at the present day are called to illustrate the principle of Communism?

Already we have proved that it is possible to make real the best ideal.

"Fear not to build thine eyrie in the heights
Where golden splendors lay:
And trust thyself unto thy inmost soul,
In simple faith alway,
And God will make divinely Real
The highest form of thine Ideal."

NO STING.

In its practical life the Community has realized the deep truth of Paul's exultant exclamation, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" It is plain to one who lives in the current of Community life that the sting of death is irrecoverably lost. The fact that God's hand is in our affairs is so manifest to us, the belief that he is overruling our spiritual interests is so strong that the change of a dear friend neither shakes our faith nor diminishes our rejoicing. If cherished men or women fall we know they are not dead, and we cannot possibly make them seem so. We bury them soberly, but without mourning, as soldiers burying a comrade, and then go right on with stout hearts for the battle in which we are engaged. We cannot despond, because we cannot feel that our friends are lost to us. The absence of their bodily presence no more cuts us off from their sympathy and coöperation than if they had merely gone on a journey to another Community. Indeed, we more and more take this view of the great change commonly termed death. There is another field than this, the hadean, where the conflict with evil goes on and the same battle must be waged there as here, before the final victory is gained and the form of death is conquered. We are persuaded that the invisible wing of the good army gains what is lost to us here; that when our friends leave us, there is simply a transfer from the visible to the invisible part of the grand army of liberation. We are more confident of the support and coöperation of our friends who have been transferred than if it had been "rapped" out to us by some hadean medium. One writer, who has studied the disposition of forces in the visible and invisible spheres respectively, has compared the two armies to the blades of a pair of shears, that in due time will come together and cut the enemy death asunder. We are cheered, then, rather than saddened when we consider how many of our friends and fellow-soldiers there are on the other side of the veil, marching in solid column toward us, and toward the same resurrection goal. Beside those near and dear to us who have fallen in the ranks, some of our able and trusted leaders have been called to a command in another department. The name of J. R. Miller may properly be mentioned as one who acted a conspicuous part in the first years of the Community's history in this State, and whose services were invaluable to the cause when the question of toleration was in fierce dispute.

He led the advance guard in the struggle with principalities and powers for toleration, for the right of Communism to a fair trial in this world; and though he laid down his life to gain the victory, he wears the laurelsnow, and "his soul is marching on" to the final victory over the intolerance of disease and death.

M. E. Cragin is another whose life, by her enthusiasm and motherly care for the Community, had become interwoven with every public interest. She was translated in a moment from the midst of her cares and official duties; and though the event was at first a most stunning blow to the whole Community, our faith steadied us through it and gave us the assurance that the invisible strategist is wiser than we in the distribution of the forces.

G. W. Noyes, but recently fallen, fought valiantly for the right to live, and he only laid down his life at last, that he might take it again, and

buckle on his armor for a more hand-to-hand fight in the ranks of the invisible hosts.

We do not flatter ourselves that our invisible friends have gone to glory, i. e., the angelic heaven. We do not comfort our hearts with any such absurdity. Death does not open the portal to heaven; and God does not harvest humanity in any piecemeal way, popular theories to the contrary notwithstanding. The Jewish harvest and gathering took place at the Second Coming, immediately after the destruction of Jerusalem, and all the signs indicate that the Gentile harvest is approaching, when "He shall gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth." This is the gathering we anticipate, and there is exceeding comfort for our hearts in the assurance that it is near at hand—that the time of separation from those we love will be short.

"The sting of death is sin." Christ extracted the "sting," and triumphed over the grave; and we may well adopt the above exclamation of Paul, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

W. H. W.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

The trap business is unusually lively for this season of the year. Orders come in thick and fast. From the 10th to the 14th inst. 3,729 dozen, or 44,748 traps were ordered.

We have noticed several very handsome bouquets lately made from early fall flowers. The garden is gorgeous with its various-hued gladiolas, zinnias, amaranths, petunias, verbenas, dahlias German asters, golden coreopsis, and other rich flowers. The generous morning showers have enlivened every plant, and our grounds look as fresh as in June.

"O, potatoes, they grow small over there." We were reminded of this saying when the first lot of new potatoes was brought on to the table this season. They were indeed very small specimens, hardly fit to be called potatoes at all, but, strange to say, after about four weeks of waiting and watching there was scarcely any perceptible change in their size. The family continued to say, "Potatoes grow small," but made up their minds that it was time for them to grow larger, and in one of our evening meetings expressed a wish of this kind. The next day potatoes appeared on the table, and one and another remarked, "How these potatoes did grow last night!" Small potatoes have not been seen since. We should add that these fine potatoes are bought of our neighbor Rawson, who possesses an enviable plot of ground for raising early vegetables, and is also a thrifty manager in these matters.

Wednesday, Aug. 21.—A beautiful morning, and every promise of a fair day. This is the day of the expected picnic from Mexico, Pulaski, etc. A printed advertisement and some correspondence had prepared us for the event. At about half-past twelve the train came in with its six cars freighted with hungry passengers. A military company dressed in uniform and a brass-band lent an air of grandeur to the long procession marching from the station on to our grounds. As usual, many brought baskets, and took their dinner under the trees on the lawn. One hundred and fifty ordered dinner. A concert at two o'clock in the Hall, which seemed to give satisfaction; after which the Mexico band and military company entertained admiring groups in front of the house with their music and dress-parade. They left on a special train at six o'clock.

Thursday, Aug. 20.—Mr. Luke Baker, of Putney, Vermont, the father of our Mrs. H. A. Hall and sisters, arrived this morning. He is eighty-eight years old, and has for some years been an invalid, requiring

the closest care of his relatives. His children in the Community have attended him latterly; but now he is comfortably situated near them where he can receive every needed attention, and not oblige them to leave their home. It was a long journey for so aged a person, but he stood it unusually well.

—At the close of the usual afternoon concert, a little girl in the audience, Miss Portia Albee of Boston, aged eleven years, consented to go on the stage and recite one or two poems. The first, "Saturday Night," was very touching. She has a fine voice and articulates distinctly. The second piece was "The Two Sisters." She afterwards read to us from Shakespeare. For one so young, she shows remarkable talent for elocutionary reading. A song, "Sweet Spirit Hear my Prayer," by her cousin, Miss Harwood, closed the entertainment.

—Among our visitors last week was a gentleman from Bulgaria, named Youchoff. He told us that there are only two Bulgarians in this country. Mr. Youchoff was converted from the Greek church by the missionaries in Bulgaria, and is in this country seeking an education which he could not obtain in his native land; he is at present preparing for college, and supports himself by lecturing on the Greek church, the deficiency so far having been made up by contributions from persons interested in his plans; he intends returning to Bulgaria as a missionary.—Having expressed his conviction to a minister in one of our neighboring towns, that Christians live in too selfish a manner, instead of putting their money together and helping one another, he was referred to the Oneida Community as a society of Christians who live more after the Scripture pattern; hence his visit.

—What a wide and warm circle of acquaintances the O. C. is getting. The O. C. agent, who travels along the line of the Midland and through the counties adjoining the St. Lawrence, may feel almost as though he were visiting among cousins. The dry-goods men brighten with more than commercial interest when he steps into their stores, and, though they may not want any silks, they are pleased to detain the agent with a little friendly and respectful inquiry. They remember the pleasant picnic they had on the Community lawn or the dinner they ate in the Community dining-room, and then they have a good word to say for the orchestra and the singers. They think they shall come again this summer and bring their families with them. When they were at O. C. last they did not have time to visit the silk-works, etc., etc.

By the way, the dry-goods men are a quiet, sharp-eyed class. They are quick to tell a Community man, "by his cut," as they say. Strangely enough, they do not mean by this the cut of his hair or the cut of his clothes. These, they will readily admit, do not differ appreciably from that of other men. Indeed, what it is that betrays the Community men is somewhat of a mystery. It is a subtle, indefinable something that baffles even the smart dry-goods men to explain.

The O. C. agent stepped into a store in Ogdensburg the other day. The proprietor, whom the agent is quite certain he never met before, smiled in a knowing manner, and said:

"From O. C.?"

"Yes," said the agent, "but how did you know it?"

"Oh," said the man laughing, "that was the impression I had when I looked at you; I don't know why."

Perhaps the secret of this transparency of the Community men lies in the fact that they confess Christ in them. That fact is enough to make a wide difference between the appearance of a man who does it and one who does not. It ought to make such a difference in the spiritual seeming of

two men as there was between Daniel and his companions who fed on pulse and the princes who ate of the king's meat.

The milliners also are vivacious in their expressions of interest, and while they select the bright colored skeins, they cannot forbear talking about what they saw at O. C. The tower, the museum, the lawns and flowers; they remind the agent of many a familiar home place, and inquire curiously after familiar friends whom they have heard sing or play in the Hall.

But the milliners are not all praise; they scold some. Here is one who does not like the short dress, and she says, a little impatiently:

"What do they wear that ridiculous dress for?"

The agent mildly deprecates the dress being called ridiculous, and mentions persons of taste and distinction who have spoken well of it.

"But," says the lady, "I don't see what they wear it for."

Its healthfulness, its convenience, its saving of the life and attention for better things, are suggested. The lady shakes her head to all of these reasons except the last. At this she looks pensive and says, as if a new thought had struck her:

"Perhaps you don't care much about ornament."

"Yes, we care for ornament in its proper place; but its place, in our way of thinking, is after health and convenience and the saving of life and time for more important things. We expect, though, to make our dress a matter of improvement, and if you will remember some of our prejudices we shall be glad to receive any criticism or suggestion in regard to the short dress.

"Well," says the lady, "perhaps I shall send you a criticism of the short dress sometime."

—A few days ago the writer submitted to the following catechism from a respectable looking lady visitor:

"How many years have you been a member?"

"Nearly twenty-three."

"Why, you must have been a mere infant when you came here?"

"O no—I was nearly nine years old."

"Why, is it possible! I should not have thought it. I do declare you women dress so that I never should guess it. I really can't tell the women from girls."

"Our way of dressing is one reason no doubt; but we owe much more to our free, happy life, untrammeled by fashion, and to our freedom from family cares."

Catching at a straw, she immediately asked:

"Then you have children?"

"I have two."

Then came the hackneyed question:

"But you are not allowed to see them, I suppose?"

"O yes, I am, as often as I choose."

"But I have heard that infants are taken from their mothers, and not allowed to know who their parents are."

"Very likely you have heard many false reports—they are common; but I took the entire care of my child until he was fifteen months old, when I voluntarily placed him in the nursery with the rest. I am now free to take him when I like. And this is the usual custom with us."

"Well I am glad to hear it. But are you sure your children will have good care?"

"Yes—I know they will."

"If your children were sick could you attend them?"

"I could. It is always customary for mothers to assist in cases of sickness."

And so she ran on, question following question. Wearied at length I found an excuse to leave her, wishing her success in her desire for information.

MUSICAL CONVENTION AT OSWEGO.

Oswego, Aug. 22, 1872.

DEAR W.:—After a pleasant ride of three hours, the Midland R. R. brought us to this enterprising city. The broiling sun of yesterday benignly withdrew behind a veil of clouds, now and then appearing to scatter diamonds on Oneida lake, near whose shore for miles lies the track of the Midland.

My chief object in coming to this place was to attend a musical convention now in session—this being the second annual convention for the singers of central and northern New York. The success of last year induced Mr. John G. Parkhurst, the Gilmore of the occasion, and also a fine musician, to undertake the management of a second convention. Its object is to give to singers generally the means of improvement and culture within the reach of few. A part of each rehearsal is devoted to sacred music, under the special instruction of Mr. Carl Zerrahn.

The Convention is held at the "Rink," a building well adapted to its wants, and capable of seating 3,000 persons, though on this occasion not entirely filled. The arrangements for lighting and ventilating are admirable; one hardly realized that it was a midsummer night. The chorus of about 225 voices occupied the entire end of the building, and being mostly of ladies, their bright attire and continual fluttering of silver fans reminded one of a flock of humming-birds constantly hovering, never alighting. The chorus singing was fine, producing perfect harmony with the four pianos and the 48th Regiment Band accompanying. Indeed, on hearing a full chorus for the first time one is hardly prepared for the thrilling effect produced by so many combined voices.

The following programme was presented to an appreciative audience:

PART I.

1. "THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING," (Hymn.) Webb.
Full Band and Chorus.

2. OVERTURE TO THE POET AND PEASANT Mendelssohn Quintette. Suppe.

3. "FAREWELL TO THE FOREST," (Part Song) Mendelssohn. Full Chorus.

4. "INFLICE"—Cavatina—(Ernani) Verdi.
J. R. Thomas.

5. FANTASIE MILITAIRE—For Violin Leonard.
Charles Hamm.

6. ARIA—"Parto," Mozart.
Madame Rudersdorf.

7. GLORIA Mozart's 12th Mass.
Chorus.

PART II.

1. SELECTION BY 48TH REGIMENT BAND F. Schilling, Leader.

2. BUGLE SONG Schubert Quartette.

3. "SOUVENIR DE SPA"—Solo for Violoncello Servias.
R. Hennig.

4. BALLAD—"She Wore a Wreath of Roses" Knight.
Madame Rudersdorf.

5. CHORUS OF LEVITES FROM ELI Rossini.

6. YE TORMENTORS"—Buffo Song from Cinderella J. R. Thomas.

7. FINALE—First Act of Euryanthe Weber.
Mendelssohn Quintette.

8. FESTIVAL HYMN Buck.
Full Chorus and Band.

Were I to praise what pleased me most in a programme where all was excellent, I would bestow the laurels upon Mr. Carl Zerrahn, the conductor of the chorus, and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston. Perhaps, for the want of a better description, we will call their playing perfect—so smooth, graceful and expressive was their rendering of every note. The violinist, a young man by the name of Hamm and a recent member of the Club, displayed the execution characteristic of Ole Bull, and does not compare at all unfavorably with that artist. The same graceful bowing was apparent, the same bewitching and bewildering dalliance with the harmonics, and also a display of vigor not now characteristic of Ole Bull. After a few

touches of the bow, Mr. Hamm is oblivious to his audience, and in the most tender rapport with his violin. He also played very finely the piano accompaniment for Madame Rudersdorf in the famous ballad, "She Wore a Wreath of Roses." The capability of playing well a variety of instruments seemed a peculiarity of the Club. A musical friend and critic at my side tells me that the violoncello solo by Mr. Hennig, another member of the organization, was equally well performed.

A wonderful baton Mr. Carl Zerrahn wields, one tap of which insures perfect silence, and one graceful wave of those long arms bring as with one movement the chorus to their feet. With that baton he sways the whole chorus to his will and wish. If there is any music, latent or otherwise, he will call it forth. A wave of his wand brings out the majestic soprano, and if it is poised over the most timid of altos, she must sing. In rehearsal he is very genial in his manner, bordering often on the humorous—quick to detect a "weak spot" and restore it, and as ready to interrupt with "Bravo," "Good," "That was well done," etc. etc. He has the faculty of telling just what one needs to know in the smallest amount of time.

Mr. J. R. Thomas has a fine voice and sang well; though I never before heard him, I was impressed with the idea that his voice and singing had once been better.

Madame Rudersdorf exhibits fine culture and great range of voice, and in personal presence is quite charming; but I have listened to singing which pleased and moved me more.

The 48th Regiment Band, the Schubert Club, and Mr. John G. Parkhurst, Manager, performed in their usual excellent manner, and did Oswego much credit, showing her capability of producing other things than fine flour and starch. H. C. N.

THE USE OF FRUITS.

WE frequently hear the word of caution thrown out in regard to the use of fruit. It comes more especially from mothers and grandmothers, who are watching with anxious care the health and welfare of the little ones. Doubtless this is a well-meant and timely caution, especially in regard to children, who lack in discrimination and are eager to devour anything in the line of fruit that comes in their way, however green or unfit to eat. But this precaution should not be carried too far, and thus deprive children at a suitable age of a liberal use of well-ripened fruits; for I am sure it is healthful as well as exceedingly gratifying to the young to be allowed, not merely the tempting sight of the many delicious kinds of fruit with which our country abounds, but also the pleasure derived from eating it. Of course there are exceptions; some persons cannot eat fruit in its raw state; but an experience of fifty years in fruit-eating has convinced me that fruit is an exceedingly healthy article of diet. Still I must add a word of caution—*avoid fruit that is either green or overripe.*

H. T.

NIGHT BREEZES.

IT is frequently remarked by our people that we seldom suffer from hot nights. Although the days are often quite oppressive from heat, the nights are generally cool and accompanied with gentle breezes. Having observed this thing for twenty years, I think I can account for it on satisfactory principles. It is evident that a valley like this of the Oneida creek, protected as it is on either side by high ridges running north and south, must be warmer during the heat of the day than the more elevated regions where there is a freer circulation of air. This is shown by the fact that in winter and early spring the snow often disappears in the val-

ley, while there is good sleighing on the hills; also by the fact that we are able to plow and sow at least a week earlier than farmers on the surrounding hills. But in the evening after the sun has disappeared the case is exactly reversed. The valley gradually loses its surplus heat and becomes cooler than the hills. And why? It is known that cold air like water seeks the lowest level. Consequently, after the action of the sun on the earth's surface has ceased, the cooler air of the surrounding hills begins rolling down into the valley from opposite sides, displacing the warm air which is lighter, or cooling it down to its own temperature. The two opposite currents meet in the center, forming one current, which soon commences moving down the valley, filling the place occupied by the warm air. Hence, during settled weather the invariable night breezes in the valley, which generally commence blowing about nine or ten o'clock in the evening, and which so beautifully change the atmosphere in the space of a few hours. These valley-breezes usually continue until seven or eight o'clock in the morning.

The same phenomenon is observable on large bodies of water in what are designated land and sea breezes. The water absorbs a large amount of heat during the day, which it does not so readily part with as does the surrounding land; hence the rush of the cooler air in the evening from off the land in the direction of the water. When a boatman on a western lake, I used to take advantage of the land-breeze, to run out to where the two opposite currents met, when I was enabled to get the benefit of a gentle breeze, usually reaching my destination ere the wind died away, or before meeting an opposite breeze. H. T.

TWO PICTURES.

New York, Aug. 15, 1872.

DEAR BRO. W.—Yesterday I saw practical illustrations of woman's wrongs in both high life and low life, which I will describe to you.

A part of one of the dining-rooms where we take our meals is raised six steps above the main part, and is more especially devoted to ladies. As I was eating my supper I saw a wealthy looking, middle-aged gentleman enter, followed by a son of about fourteen and a daughter of perhaps sixteen years of age. The father and son tripped lightly up the stairs to the higher floor; but the daughter! I wish you could have seen the weary, desponding look she gave on reaching those stairs. Although you would have been amused at the grotesque effect of fashionable attire, you would have pitied the little slave; for she was a slave, and probably for life. On her poor back was the heavy burden, sticking out as you have seen it in the fashion-plates. The outline reminds you of pictures of peasant life in Europe, where poor women toil under bundles of fagots, or of the old Southern slaves toiling along under a basket of cotton. We could not see the fagots nor the cotton in this case, because they were covered with silk and ribbons; but I am sure the cotton was there and also the fagots, only the fagots were probably of bone instead of wood. On reaching the foot of the stairs the poor thing cast an almost agonizing look at the six steps up which her brother, free and untrammelled as a young deer, had trippingly preceded her; then with an exhausted air she grasped her drapery on either side with her delicate little hands, and bending forward under the huge hump on her back, she slowly began the ascent with a swinging motion from side to side which plainly told of her exhaustion. After an heroic effort she reached the top without having been toppled over by her burden. She heaved a sigh of relief, and sank languidly into a chair. The picture is not over-drawn; nor is the case a rare one. As I turned

away I involuntarily thanked God that our Community mothers and sisters are not obliged to bow under the yoke of enslaving fashion.

Yesterday morning, as I was returning to the office from breakfast, I saw a thin faced, poorly clad old woman busily shoveling coal from the sidewalk into baskets which her husband was carrying down stairs. The day was hot, the mercury at that hour standing at 84° in the shade, and the sweat ran profusely down the woman's face. But she had no burden on her back, and did not sigh nor look despondingly at the task before her; with a stout heart, a flashing eye, and a spirit of well-earned independence from fashion's rule, she flung shovelful after shovelful of coal into the baskets with an energetic air that was pleasing to behold. I dare say this old coal shoveler was far more happy and contented than the rich daughter who daintily eats her iced confections and wonders why she has no appetite. But still her life was a hard one, and I thanked God that the women of the Community are saved from such a life of toil. They are neither slaves of fashion, slaves of men, nor slaves of unending toil; they are free women in Christ, with the wisdom and opportunity to extract all the good there is in labor and capital, study and recreation.

D. E. S.

HOISTING BRICK AND MORTAR.

New York, Aug. 17, 1872.

Most of the brick and mortar of the brick buildings of this and other cities have been carried up story after story on human shoulders, and that too over a road of the most painful kind to the traveler, viz., a ladder, each step of which is but one inch in diameter. Let any one try walking up and down the rounds of a nearly perpendicular ladder for fifteen minutes, and see if it does not produce torture. No matter how long the practice, the business of carrying heavy loads of brick and mortar all day over such a road must be of the most exhaustive nature, and any contrivance for lessening this labor should receive the praise of all friends of humanity. Such contrivances are perfecting and introducing throughout our country.

Two houses are building on Green street, a short distance from Canal, where two such machines are now in use. In each case the mortar is made in the cellar. This is the rule in cities, owing to want of room. In one of these buildings an endless iron ladder, made of short strips of plate-iron linked together, and admitting of being easily lengthened to any desired degree as the walls go up, passes from the basement up through the center of the building and over a drum at the top of the completed story. In the basement this ladder passes under a drum, on one end of the circumference of which are cogs and wheels so arranged that two men at a windlass can easily cause the ladder to pursue its endless course, like a band of buckets in a grain or water-elevator. The hods containing the mortar and brick have an iron lip on their under side, by means of which they are easily hooked on to the ascending iron rounds of the constantly moving ladder. On reaching the top they are taken off by men stationed there for that purpose, and empty hods hung on the descending side. These are again taken off below by a boy, to be again filled and sent on their ceaseless round.

Passing into the next building you see a still further improvement. Here the motive power is horse muscle instead of human. In place of the endless ladder we find a cheaply constructed dumb-waiter, passing from the basement to the top of the completed work, and so made as to be readily extended as the building progresses. The joists are put in for the floors of the different stories as fast as the brick-work will permit. On the joists of the

ground-floor, planks have been laid over a small space, in the center of which a windlass is built, to the lever of which a horse is attached. A rope from the dumb-waiter passes up over a pulley, then down through another, and is attached to the drum of the windlass. Two hods of brick or mortar are placed on the waiter, a boy starts the horse round the circle, which causes the load of building material to ascend to the desired height. To get the waiter and empty hods down again, they have a simple means of disconnecting the cylinder of the windlass from the center post by which it is wound up; so that when it is ready to descend, the horse stands still, the driver pushes a lever to disconnect the cylinder, and the weight of the waiter brings it down, its speed being easily regulated by the driver by means of a simple brake.

There are other patented inventions for doing this same work, which I may describe at some future time.

D. E. S.

THE "STREAK."

ON a sultry afternoon, a few days ago, I was waiting in a little town on the line of the New York Central and Hudson River railroads. The broad bands of steel rails, glistening in the sun in front of me, stretched far away to the eastward and dropped below the horizon. Toward the west the line was straight for half a mile or more, and then was lost by a sharp curve and an intervening wood. There were no trains in sight. The long level expanse, with its dead monotonous aspect under the fierce rays of the August sun, suggested only languor and inertia. Little knots of men were idly talking upon the crossings, and a sluggish hackman had left his team standing upon the rails.

All at once there came a dull and distant murmur like the sound of an approaching tempest. "The Streak is coming," said a man whose quick ear had caught this humming sound—"better get off the track."

The "Streak" is a name now given by travelers to those fastest of all fast trains, which run between New York city and Chicago. They are wonderful trains, these "Streaks." They traverse the space between the Great City and the Great Prairies by long lightning like spans, and their locomotives catch up water as they fly. Their black and unpainted engines bear down upon the little country stations with the relentless, remorseless rush of a thunderbolt, that knows no check and heeds no hindrance. They disdain to stop even in populous cities, and their only trace in many a complacent town is a little scornful dust. Their goal and resting-place is a metropolis. They concern themselves only with the great ganglions of the nation's life and trade—New York, Boston, Chicago.

And a man had said in the drowsy August afternoon in our quiet Yankee-like way, "The Streak is coming—better get off the track."

For an instant no one heeds this quiet remark. But the murmur straightway becomes an ominous roar. A shrill and startling scream arises above the quivering tree tops west of the station, and the ground under your feet is beginning to tremble. Then, indeed, the idlers scatter from the track, and because the hack still lingers upon the crossing, they take up the quiet man's warning in cries that rise into hoarse and terrible energy. "Clear the track for the New York Special! The Streak is coming! Get off the track! GET OFF THE TRACK!"

And we are looking for the "Streak." There it comes around the curve! See! the engine is shaking like a shuttle with its terrific impulsion, and its line of palace-cars is hid in a halo of hurtling dust. Now, for a second, it is dead ahead of us, and we can take in the majesty of its sweep. Will that wretched hackman never get off the track? Yes; the apathetic man at last takes the alarm, and

while the reverberating clang, clang, shows that the screaming but never slackening train is shooting across the switches, he springs to his trembling horses and whips them from the track in front of the very locomotive. Then, for an instant, the breath stops. There is a swelling sense of terrible majesty and sublime power, and like the sheet of a foaming, roaring cataract the "Streak" has passed and plunged into thick and distant dust.

And what do we see in that breathless second in which the New York Express is passing us and before it is lost in the whirling dust? We always look for the engineer, for he is invested with a wild and romantic interest. He rides upon the whirlwind. The neck of his iron horse is clothed with thunder. Ah! he is at his post, and we can take him in at one swift glance athwart the cab. See! how he is braced against the side of his engine. He has the aspect of a man who is clinging to the side of a monster that is madly raging to spurn him. His head is bare and bent toward the track, while his short crisp locks are fluttering in the tornado of which he is the center. One hand grasps the steam throttle with which he may choke the monster he rides, the other is raised to the steam-whistle, and a blast is escaping that awakens the echoes from hillside and houseside. Besides this we only see through the dust the shimmer of palace-cars and then, transitory as the flush of the Northern lights, the "Streak" has fled into the far away.

Every one lets go his breath when it has passed. "How like fun they go!" says a small boy in glee. "What ails that train?" says a tall country lad, looking around inquiringly. But no one answers him. The whirling dust has vanished from the horizon, and men turn to their occupations as from a fleeting and unaccountable vision.

G.

LIVINGSTONE.

Letter to his Brother in Canada--Further Description of Inner Africa--The Doctor's Suffering from Faithless Attendants, etc.

Toronto, Ont., Aug. 19.—The *Globe* this morning publishes a letter by a brother of Dr. Livingstone, residing in Listowell, Ont. The former says:

To the Editor of the Globe:

I inclose extracts from a letter just received from my brother, Dr. Livingstone, of date, Ujiji, Nov. 16th, 1871, which, I presume, came along with Stanley's dispatches. On the envelope is written, "This leaves Unyamyembe on the 14th of March, 1872."

JOHN LIVINGSTONE.

The following is Dr. Livingstone's letter:

Ujiji, November 16, 1871.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I received your welcome letter in February last, written when the cable news made you put off your suits of mourning. This was the first intimation I had that the cable had been successfully laid in the deep Atlantic. Very few letters have reached me for years, in consequence of my friends' speculation as to where I should come out—on the west coast, down the Nile, or elsewhere. The watershed is a broad upland, between 4,000 and 5,000 feet above the sea and some 700 miles long. The springs of the Nile that rise thereon are almost innumerable. It would take the best part of a man's lifetime to count them. One part, sixty-four miles latitude, gave thirty-two springs, from calf to waist deep; or one spring for every two miles. A bird's-eye view of them would be like the negation of frost on window panes. To ascertain that all of these fountains united with four great rivers in the upper part of the Nile valley was a work of time and much travel. Many a weary foot I trod ere a light dawned upon the problem. If I had left at the end of two years, for which my bare expenses were paid, I could have thrown very little more light on the country than the Portugese, who in their three slavery visits to Cozombe asked for ivory and slaves, and heard of nothing else. I asked about the waters, questioned and cross-questioned till I was really ashamed, and almost afraid of being set down as afflicted with hydrocephalus. I went forward, backward and sideways, feeling my way, and every step of the way I was groping in the dark, for who cared where the rivers

ran? Of these four rivers into which the springs of the Nile converge, the central one, Lualabo, is the largest. It begins as the river Chambeze, which flows into the great lake Bangwolo. On leaving it its name is changed from Chambeze to Lualabo, and that enters lake Moero. Coming out of it the name Lualabo is assumed, and it flows into a third Lake Kamalindo, which receives one of the four large drains mentioned above. It then flows on, and makes two enormous bends to the west, which made me often fear that I was following the Congo instead of the Nile. It is from one to three miles broad, and never can be waded at any part or at any time of the year, for down the valley it receives another of the four large rivers above mentioned, the Lockie or Lomane, which flows through what I have named Lincoln, and then joins the central Lualabo. We have, then, only two lines of drainage in the lower part of the great valley, that of the Tongriyik and Alber lake, which are but one lake, river or say, if you want to be pedantic, Lognstime river. These two form the eastern line. Lualabo, which I call Webb's Lualabo, is then the western line as nearly as depicted by Ptolemy in the second century of our era. After the La Mame enters the Lualabo, the fourth great lake in the central line of drainage is found; but this I have not yet seen, nor yet the link between eastern and western mains. At the top of Ptolemy's loop, the great central line goes down into large, reedy lakes, possibly those reported to Nero's centurion, and these form the western, or Petherick's arm, which Speeke and Grant and Baker believed to be the river of Egypt. Neither can it be called the Nile until they unite. The lakes mentioned in the central line of drainage are by no means small. Lake Bongmolo, at the lowest estimate, is 150 miles long, and I tried to cross it and measure its breadth exactly. The first stage was to an uninhabited island, twenty-four miles. The second stage could be seen from its highest point, or rather the tops of the trees upon it, evidently lifted up by a mirage. The third stage, the main land, was said to be as far beyond; but my canoe men had stolen the canoe, and they got a hint that the real owners were in pursuit, and got into a flurry to return home. I had only my coverlet left to hire another craft, and the lake being 400 feet above the sea, it was very cold. So I gave in and went back; but I believe the breadth to be between sixty and seventy miles. The Bangwolo, Moero and Kamelondo are looked on as one great riverine lake and as one of Ptolemy's. The other is the Tanganyika, which I found flowing to the north. This geographer's predecessors must have gleaned their geography from men who visited this very region. The reason why his genuine geography was rejected was the extreme modesty of modern map makers. One idle person in London published a pamphlet, which with killing modesty he entitled, "The Inner Africa Laid Open," and in the newspapers, even in the *Times*, rails at any one who travels and dares to find the country different from that drawn in his twaddle. I am a great sinner in the poor fellow's opinion, and the *Times* published his ravings even when I was most unwisely believed to be dead. Nobody but Lord Brougham and I know what the people will say after we are gone. The work of trying to follow the central line of drainage down has taken me away from mails or postage. The Maujemas are undoubtedly cannibals, but it was long before I could get conclusive evidence thereon. I was sorely hindered by having half caste Moslem attendants, unmitigated cowards and false as their prophet, of whose religion they have only imbibed the fulsome pride. They forced me back when almost in sight of the end of my exploration, a distance of between 400 and 500 miles under a blazing vertical sun. I came here a mere "ruckle" of bones, terribly jaded in body and mind. The head man of my worthless Moslems remained here, and, as he had done from the coast, ran riot with the goods sent to me, and was drunk for a month at a time. He then divined on the Koran, and found that I was dead, sold off all the goods that remained for slaves and ivory for himself, and I arrived to find myself destitute of everything except a few goods I left in case of need. Goods are currency here, and I have to wait now till other goods and other men come from Zanzibar. When placed in charge of my supply of soap, brandy and gunpowder, from certain Barians (British subjects), he was fourteen months returning, all expenses being paid out of my stock. Three months were ample, and then he remained here and sold off all. You call this smart, do you? Some do, if you don't. I think it moral idiocy.

Yours affectionately,
DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

THE NEWS.

AMERICAN.

The probabilities of war between Brazil and the Argentine Republic increase.

The average cost of building a mile of railroad in the United States is \$44,225.

The Amazon has overflowed its banks, inundating a thousand miles of territory in the vicinity of Rio Janerio and Para, Brazil.

The Republicans of New York have nominated Gen. John A. Dix for Governor and Gen. John C. Robinson for Lieutenant-Governor.

Judge George G. Barnard has been removed from the bench and forever disqualified from holding office—the vote on many of the charges against him being nearly unanimous.

The workingmen of Pittsburg, Penn., are determined that Chinese laborers shall not have equal chances with themselves in their city, agreeing to support no man for office who does not represent their views on this subject.

Mr. Hooper, the Utah delegate to Congress, has received a letter from the Treasury Department informing him that the application for authority to establish a national bank at Salt Lake City has been favorably considered.

The wheat speculators of Chicago, in endeavoring to "corner" the market have "cornered" themselves. The losses of the speculators have been very great. Many of them are financially ruined. Chicago's "black Tuesday" rivaled in excitement and gloom New York's "Black Friday."

Lowell Mason, the well known composer, died at his residence in New Jersey on the 11th inst., aged 81. He was the author of many very popular hymns, and compiled many valuable musical works. During the latter part of his life he gave special attention to the subject of congregational church music.

Captain Hervey's experiment with Chinese workmen in his laundry at Belleville, New Jersey, is so far successful that another troupe has been sent for, and a new building for their accommodation is in progress of construction. All animosity between the Irish girls in the laundry and the "haythens" appears to have subsided, and they get along very amicably together.

The Executive Committee of the Boston Jubilee reports that its expenses were \$650,000 and its receipts \$440,000, leaving a deficit of \$210,000—which they propose to meet by a sort of lottery arrangement, which will allow six tickets of the one hundred thousand to be issued for a grand concert and ball to draw the Coliseum and appurtenances. Such a grand beginning should have a better ending.

On the 17th inst. a somewhat remarkable tornado prevailed in the vicinity of East Longmeadow, Mass. "It leveled everything in its path for a distance of five miles. Stone walls and fences were strewn in every direction. A strip from five to fifteen rods in width was cut clean through a forest of large trees, and several buildings were thrown down, but no dwellings. Among the buildings unroofed was the boarding-house of the Wilbraham Academy, which institution sustained a loss of \$3,500. The total loss by the storm is about \$15,000."

The Oregon Bulletin of August 7th announces the return of a party of fifty Bostonians, who reached Portland some six weeks ago in search of rich gold mines in the country inhabited by the Nez Perce Indians, fabled by one Robeson, who, having enticed them across the continent thereby, disappeared quietly at San Francisco, and let them finish the journey alone. Carrying his imaginary map they had proceeded up the Columbia and Snake rivers, and thence into the mountain fastnesses, where every man, woman and child they met told them something about Robeson, and they learned that they were the ninth or sixth party he had led into the wilderness and humbugged. Finally, after reaching the region designated, they concluded they had seen the elephant and sorrowfully turned back.

On June 17th the Moravian brotherhood celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the existence of their community, at Herrnhut, Saxony, the Moravian headquarters. The sect was founded in 1722 by Count Zinzendorf, who endowed it with his rich and extensive

estates, from which it drew the first means of subsistence. It has now grown to embrace with its system of colonies almost the whole globe, and is still pushing its successful ramifications further into the heathen world. It possesses in England thirty-six colonies, and in America the same number. Its most considerable province is that designated as the German, but which encompasses also Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Russia. They stretch upward to Greenland, where there is New Herrnhut in 64 deg. north latitude, go round by Labrador to the settlements of the Delaware and Cherokee Indians, include the negro colonies at St. Thomas, St. Jan, St. Croix, and Jamaica, and push southward to the Cape, Australia, and Surinam. Since 1853 there has been a Moravian settlement also on the Western Himalaya.—*Jewish Times*.

FOREIGN.

Petroleum wells have been discovered in Silesia.

The recent election in Rome resulted in favor of the Liberals.

The Sultan has sent to Ex-Empress Eugene a jewel valued at \$15,000.

The University of Munich celebrated on the 31st of July its quadri-centennial anniversary.

The first installment of Motley's "History of the Thirty Years' War" will soon be ready for publication.

The Crown Princess of Prussia offers \$8,000 for the best essay on the means of improving the condition of working-women.

The action of the German Government against the Jesuits is creating great excitement in the territory recently acquired from France.

A deputation having waited upon Earl Granville to urge him to take measures for the suppression of the slave-trade in East Africa, he assured the deputation that the English Government had already sought the co-operation of the United States and several European powers to that end, from most of which favorable replies had been received: all of which should be placed to the credit of Dr. Livingstone.

The celebration in Belfast, Ireland, of the passage of the Repeal Act occasioned a riot of such dimensions that the police force at command was quite inadequate to suppress it, and soldiers were called to aid in restoring order. At last accounts many families were leaving the city, and the magistrates, acknowledging their impotence, had unanimously petitioned the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to place the city under the Peace Preservation Act.

A surgeon of Furredpore, India, Mr. Rose, is reported to have discovered a remedy for leprosy by which he has saved many lives. It is the production of the kruchi tree, whose seed, named indrajab, is said to possess the extraordinary virtue claimed for it by Mr. Rose.

"Now," said a schoolmaster, "if I had a mince pie, and should give two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry, and two-twelfths to John, and should take half the pie myself, what would there be left? Speak up loud so that the people can hear!"—"The plate," shouted the boy.

A young fellow of eighteen summers invested in a banana on the cars recently. He carefully removed the peel, and put it on the seat by his side; then he broke the fruit up in small bits, eyeing it anxiously as he did so. When this was done, he picked up the peel, shook it in his lap, and finally threw the pieces out of the window, remarking as he did so: "That's the fust of them prize packages I ever bought, and it's the last, you bet."

A few days since one of our popular attorneys called upon another member of the profession, and asked his opinion about a certain point of law. The lawyer to whom the question was addressed drew himself up and said, "I generally get paid for telling what I know." The questioner asked drew half a dollar "fractional" from his pocket, handed it to the other, and coolly remarked: "Tell me all you know and give me the change." There is coldness between the parties now.

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